Then tell me what doth he vpon the sea?
Dar. vnlesse for that my Leige I cannot guesse.
King. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchmen comes,
Thou wilt reuolt and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.
King. Where is thy power now to beat him backe?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the westerne shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships,
Dar, No my good Lord my friends are in the North,
King. Cold friends to *Richard*, what do they in the North?
When they should serue their soueraigne in the West.
Dar, They haue not beene commanded mighty soueraigne,
Please it your Maiesty to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends and meete your grace,
Where and what time your maiesty shall please?
King. I, I, thou wouldst begone to ioyne with *Richmond*,
I will not trust you sir,
Dar. Most mighty soueraigne
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be false.
King. Well, go muster men; but heare you, leaue behind
Your son *George Stanley*, looke your faith be ferme:
Or else his heads assurance is but faile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious soueraigne, now in *Deuonshire*,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *William Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many more confederates are in armes,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Leige in Kent the *Guilfords* are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their aide, and still there power increaseth,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord the army of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

He strikes him.

King.

King, Out on ye Owles, nothing but songs of death,
Take that vntile you bring mee better newes.
Mes, Your grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of waters,
The Duke of *Buckinghams* army is disperst and scattered:
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.
King. O I cry you mercy I did mistake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him;
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in *Buckingham*?
Mes Such Proclamation hath beene made my Liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes, Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord marques *Dorset*,
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Brittaine Nauie is disperst, *Richmond* in *Dorset shire*,
Sent out a boat to aske them one the shore,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no:
Who answered him they came from *Buckingham*
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoist saile, and made away for Brittaine.
King. March on, march on since we are vp in armes.
If not to fight with forraine enemyes,
Yet to beat downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
Thats the best newes, that the Eare of *Richmond*
Is with a mightie power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder newes, yet they must be told.
King. Away towards *Salisbury*, while we reason here,
A royall battell might bee wonne and lost.
Some one take order *Buckingham*, be brought
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloody bore,
My son *George Stanley* is francke vp in hold,
If I reuolt off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, with-holds my present aide,

But